did disdaine my childe, and stoode betwnee her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilst ours was blorred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course vnnaturall, you not your childe well loving, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindnesse, perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? wee wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne: her monument is almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden characters, expres a generall praise to her, and care in vs, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to detray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth sweare to'th gods that Winter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'do as I aduise. *Exit.*

Enter Gower

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short
Saile seas in Cockels, haue and wish but for:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, Region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To vse one Lauguage, in each seuerall clime,
Where our scenes seeme to liue. I do beseech you
To learne of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.
The stages of our story *Pericles*,
Is now againe th' warting the wayward seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To see his Daughter, all his liues dlight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behnide,
Is left to gouerne it: you beare in minde
Old *Escenes* whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduanc'd in time to great and high staxe.

Well

Well sayling ships, and bounteous, w
This King to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pila
So with his sterage, shall your though
To fetch his daughter home, who fir
Like moats and shadowes, see them
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconci

Enter Pericles at one deore, with all h
at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles,
makes lamention, puts on sack-cloth,
parts.

Gower. See how beleefe may suffe
This borrowed passion stands for true
And *Pericles* in sorrow all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and bigge
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarks,
Neuet to wash his face, nor cut his ha
He put on sackcloth and to sea he bear
A tempest which his mortall vessell t
And yet he rides it out, Now take w
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, writ by

The faireſt, ſweeteſt, and beſt lies heere
Who withered in her ſpring of yeare:
She was of Tirus the Kings Daughte
On whom foule death hade made this ſ
Marina was ſhe calld, and at her birt
That is being proud, ſwallowed ſome p
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-f
Hath Thetis birth-childe on the heane
Wherefore ſhe does and ſweares ſhee'l n
Make raging Battrie vpon ſhores of

No vizor does become blacke villa
So well as soft and tender flattery:
let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's de
And beare his courses to be ordered

G

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22337) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.40)